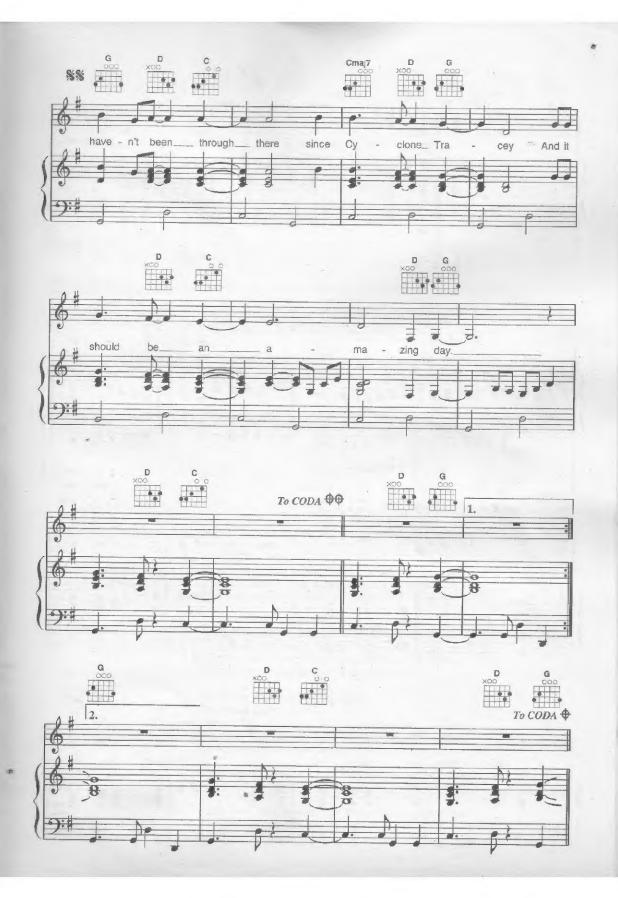
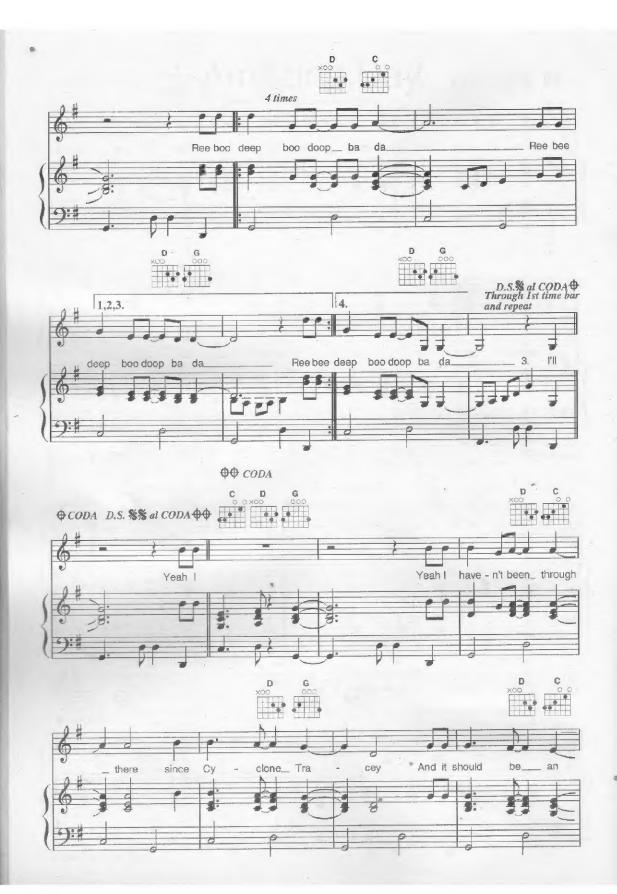


## Amazing Day Words and Music by John Williamson











- I'll see ya later mate
  I'm goin' by The Isa
  Gonna say g'day to Katherine and Mary Kathleen
  Last time through there I fell in love with Alice
  She's probably forgotten it's been too long
- 3. I'll see ya later mate
  I'm gonna catch a buffalo
  Gonna see a Jabiru dancjn' on the water
  Gonna catch a barramundi up the South Alligator
  With an Asian aborigine, in a long steel boat
- 4. I'll see ya later mate
  I'm gonna paint a picture
  Like a black cockatoo way above the fire
  They say it sends you troppo before the wet season
  But I gotta see the light show before it come down

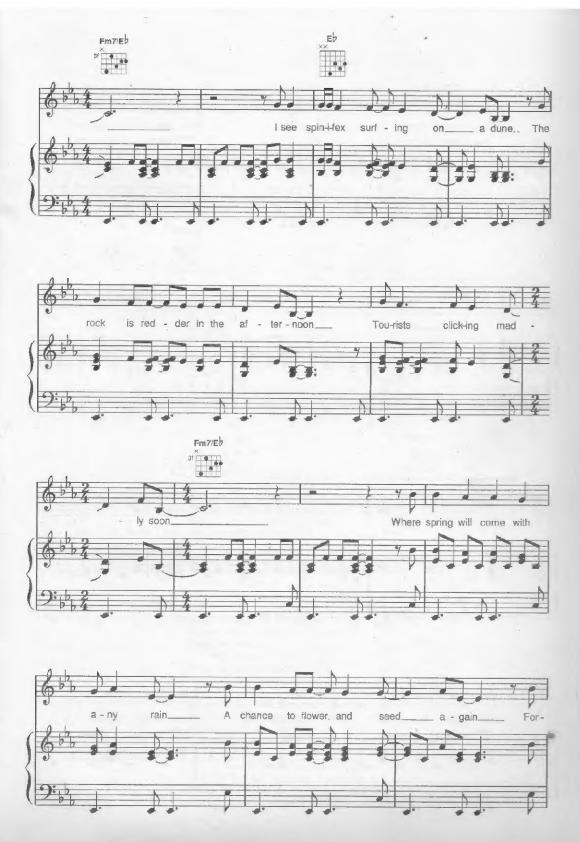
Well, I haven't been through there since Cyclone Tracey And it should be an amazing day

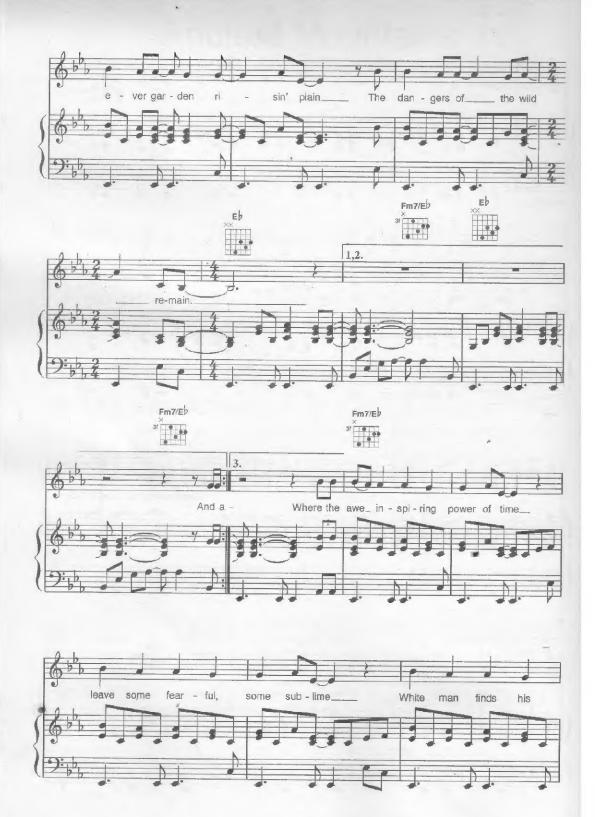
Yeah, I haven't been through there since Cyclone Tracey And it should be an amazing day

### **Ancient Mountains**

Words and Music by John Williamson









 And away up there where the wind is blown Never before felt so alone More aware of skin and bone
 I watch the parade of human folk Strips of rubber, cans of coke Making dust and blowing smoke.

Where the awe-inspiring power of time Leave some fearful, some sublime White man finds his progress prime Black man feels no urge to climb

Now I believe we all are one
Features and creatures in the sun
Breathing the air we all belong
I have a dream I can't explain
Wattle soldiers, making claim
And Paradise returns again

Where spring will come with any rain A chance to flower and seed again Forever garden, risin' plain The dangers of the wild remain

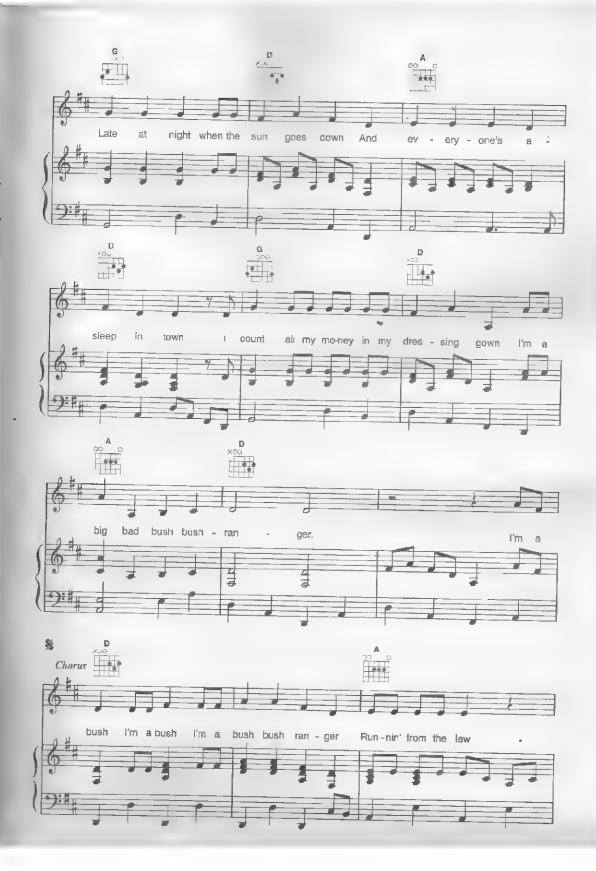
Where the awe-inspiring power of time Leave some fearful, some sublime White man finds his progress prime Black man feels no urge to climb.

## Big Bad Bushranger Words and Music by Bob Brown

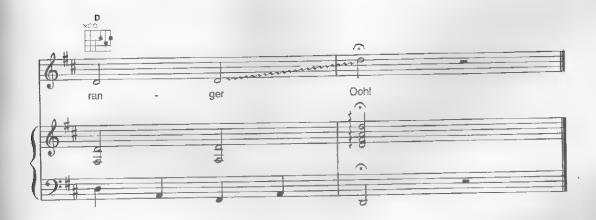
You've heard about Ned Kelly and those other famous crooks I've seen them on the T.V. - I've seen them in my picture books Well, here's a little song about a bloke so bad and mean An evil, vicious outlaw - the worst there's ever been











 Got a rope and a whip and a gun, of course I'm chased everywhere by the bush police force While I ride through the night on my big black horse I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

When the townsfolk see me ride They lock all the doors and stay inside And find a place that's safe to hide I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

I ride thirty miles through the wind and hail To hold up a bank or the Royal Mail I give all my money to my girfriend, Gayle I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

#### **CHORUS**

 I sleep every morning till half past nine Have m' brekky in bed, then rise and shine Get dressed in m' best for my life of crime I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

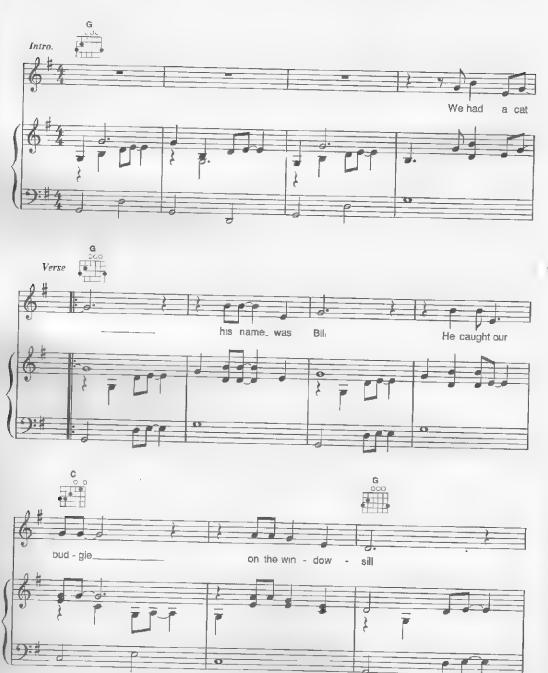
I'm loved by the married women everywhere While the silly old husbands curse and swear I haven't got a worry and I haven't got a care I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

I'm the terror of north-west New South Wales From small bush towns to outback trails I don't like judges and I don't like jails I'm a big, bad, bush - bushranger

### Bill the Cat

Words and Music by John Williamson

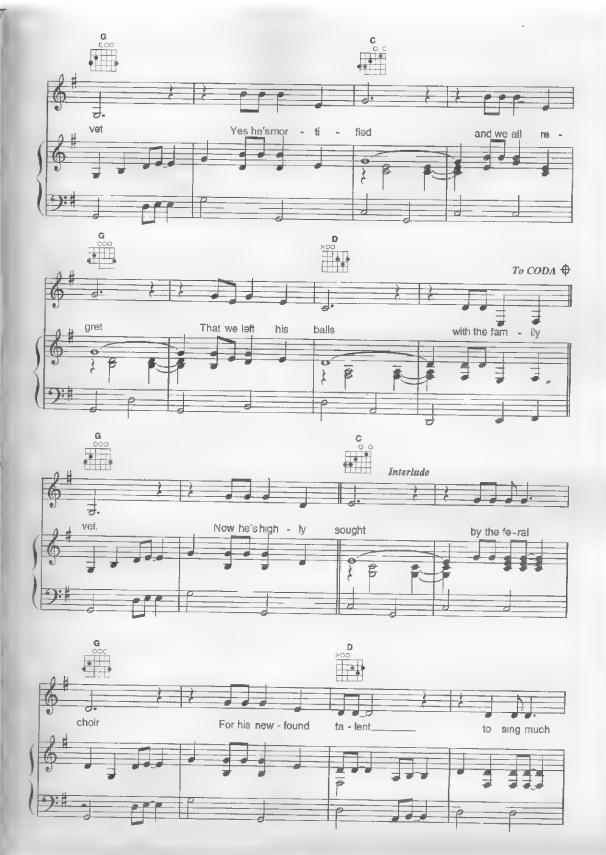
Medium tempo



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Well the very next day, he packed his bags Left all his Penthouse and Playboy mags How could we do it, to the family pet Go and leave his balls with the family vet

(Spoken)
Well we get no postcards, no telephone calls He's out in the bush somewhere - with no balls And he's obsessed with sweet revenge So he eats our parrots and our fairy wrens

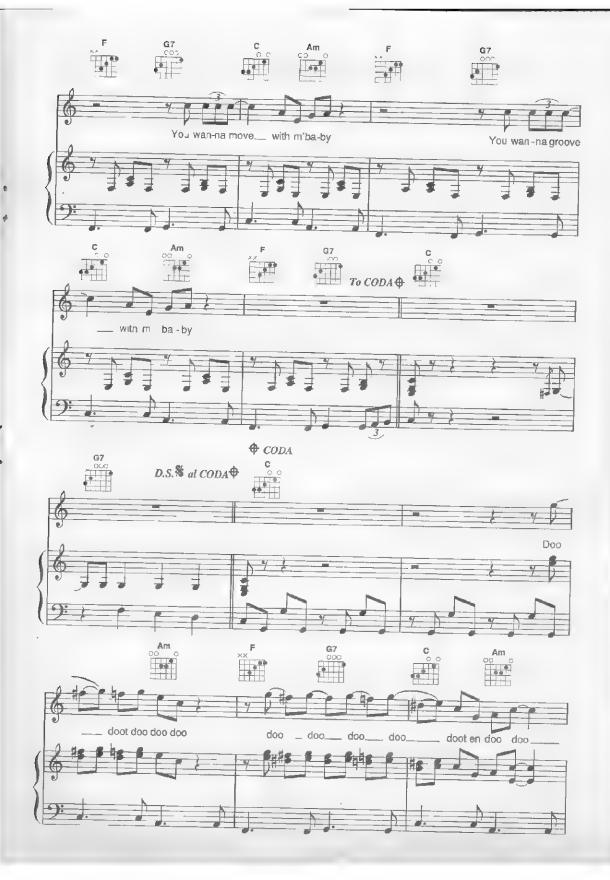
#### CHORUS INTERLUDE

No sense of humour, ex-family pet It still hurts, he can't forget He's still angry - he's still upset That we left his balls with the family vet.

## Boogie With M' Baby Words and Music by John Williamson



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It was before the dollar
 And before the Pill
 I went to this rock dance - in Swan Hill
 I arrived in me E.K. - hair slicked back
 And I saw this shei a in tangerine sox, hair pitch black

And she walked right by me ... And she said ...

#### CHORUS

You wanna boogie with m' baby You wanna move with m' baby You wanna groove with m' baby

 Well I strolled across the dance floor Loves fool And I looked her right in the eye Real cool And I said nuffin!!.!

And she said . . . .

3. Well I didn't let her go
She wasn't real rough
And no-one else came near 'er
'Cause was too tough

 Well, me and Christine, we got on O.K. So I took her home, in my E.K. She's chewin' on Juicy Fruit , I'm chewin' on P.K.

Got one hand on the wheel 'n' arm around her neck
The other hand goin' down - and turnin' on the radio
They're playing our favour'te song ...

And the band was called Curly and The Cocky Stranglers - or somethin' And they weren't real bad either And you wouldn't want to know what they're playing . . .

### **Charters Towers**

Words and Music by John Williamson









2. Welcome to C.T. - Gold City Cattlemen's Rest, waitress pretty Born in the Gulf, a Queensland pearl Sweetest innocence - a lovely girl I showed m' teeth and she gave me a smile I tried the soup - and I stayed a while

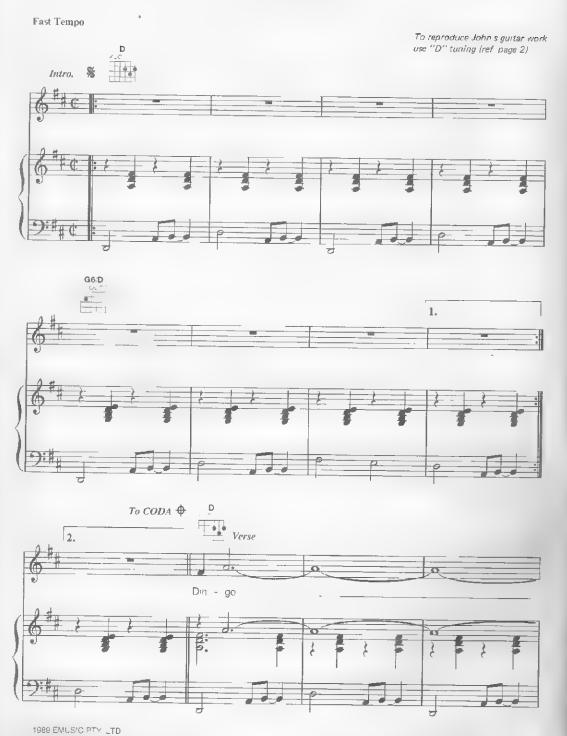
If I go to the Caltex and knock on the door The lady'll show me around for sure Tell me the history as she goes along You never know, it could be a song

Historical Town - an easy pace Old fashioned streets - a friendly face Houses on stilts to keep em' cool The chimneys are air vents, so don't be fooled

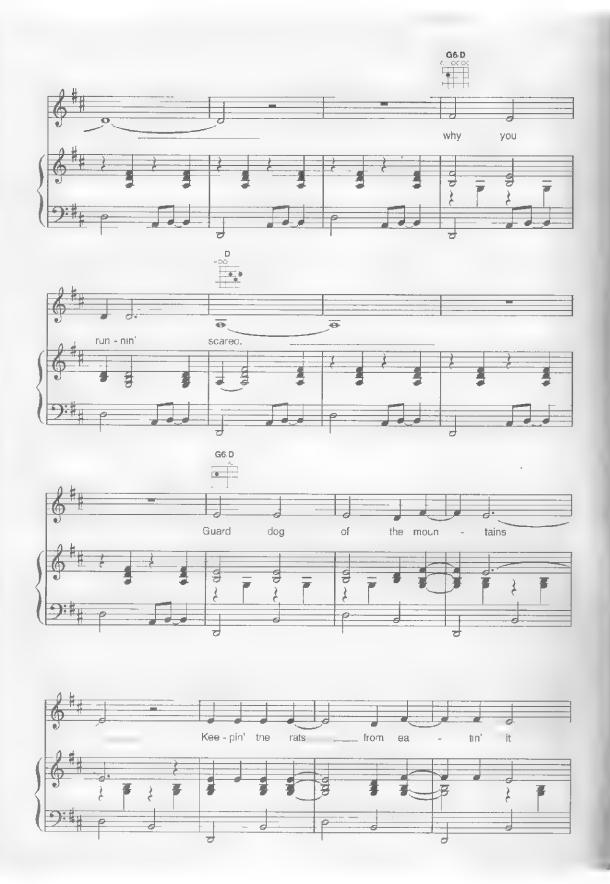
3. (On D.S. \*)
Well, l'headed west through a bit of a stink 'Roos on the road, down for a drink Fresh green pick from a little rain End up dead in the table drain Birds flying 'round with a knife and fork A damn good feed for an eagle hawk

The change is amazing, I must remark I checked out the motel just after dark The trees are scarce, the cattle are weak I'm further out in Julia Creek.

#### Dingo Words and Music by John Williamson











- Dingo, dingo koor warragul
   Dingo, dingo koori warragul
   Guard dog of the plains
   Keepin the sheep from eatin' it all away
- Dingo, dingo why you get so mad? Dingo, dingo - why you get so mad? Guard dog of the desert Keepin' the roos from eatin' it all away

# Forty Years Ago Words and Music by John Williamson



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 Yeah, sometimes this world worries me Sometimes it makes me cry
Then one day more is one day closer
To the day I die

And I think I'll leave it all behind I've had enough to say Go back to nature - live in the forest Before they take it away

 Now I'm no pauper - I don't believe I've known a poor man's day But I'm still hungry to know the reason Why I came this way

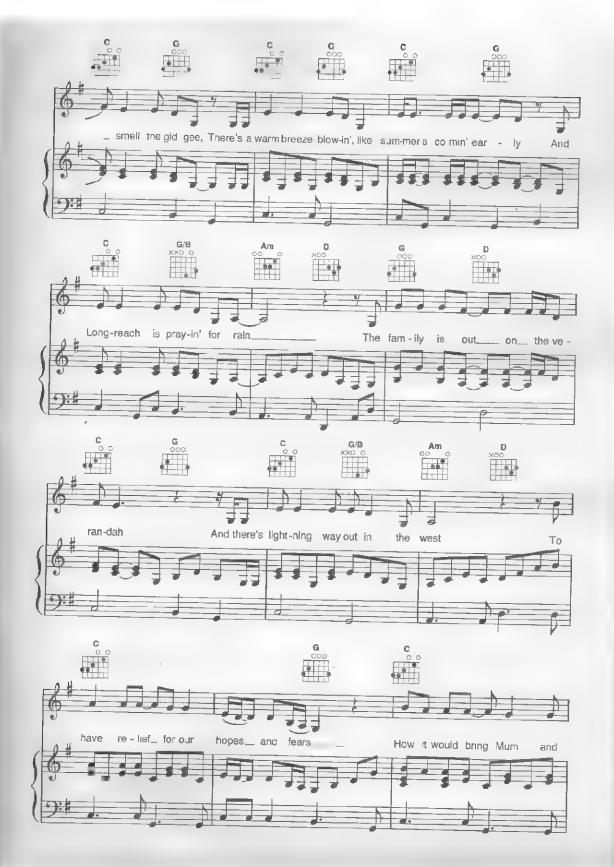
Was it to learn that I can't buy Tne peace I used to know When I was just a little boy -Forty years ago

But if I can learn from fool sh ways
 Then I must surely grow
 The light within is waiting For the chance to glow

And I will keep on searching Until the day I know -The peace I knew as a little boy Forty years ago

## Longreach is Praying Words and Music by John Williamson









2. Saw the weatherman on the A.B.C.
A good sign - it's raining in Alice
There's a song of hope whispering in the leaves
Grandma's complaining 'bout the pain in her knees
And Longreach is prayin' for rain

There's dust whipping up on the clay pans
And the horses are frisky tonight
Awaken good spirits with a change in the weather
Squatters and workers all drinking together
The thunder claps gettin' louder and louder
And Longreach is prayin' for rain

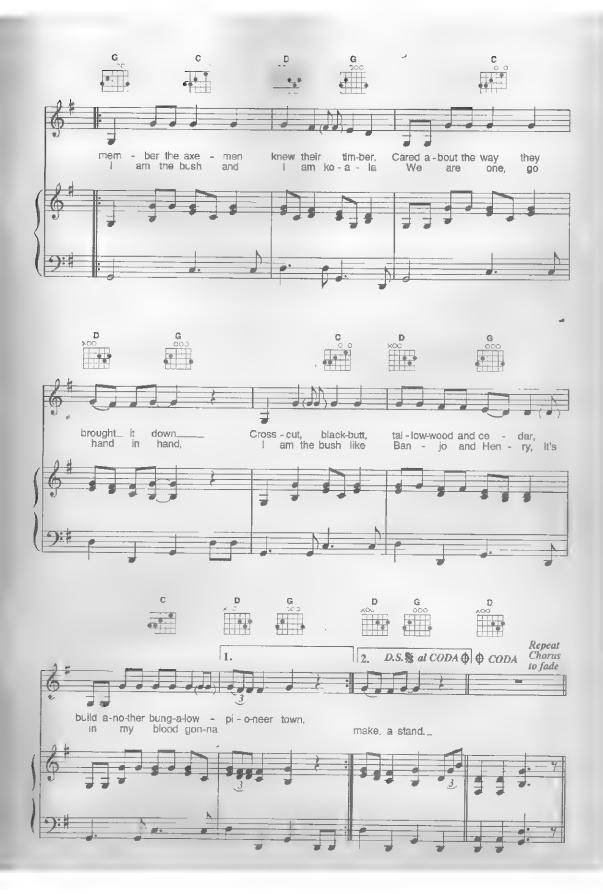
CHORUS

## Rip Rip Woodchip Words and Mus c by John Williamson









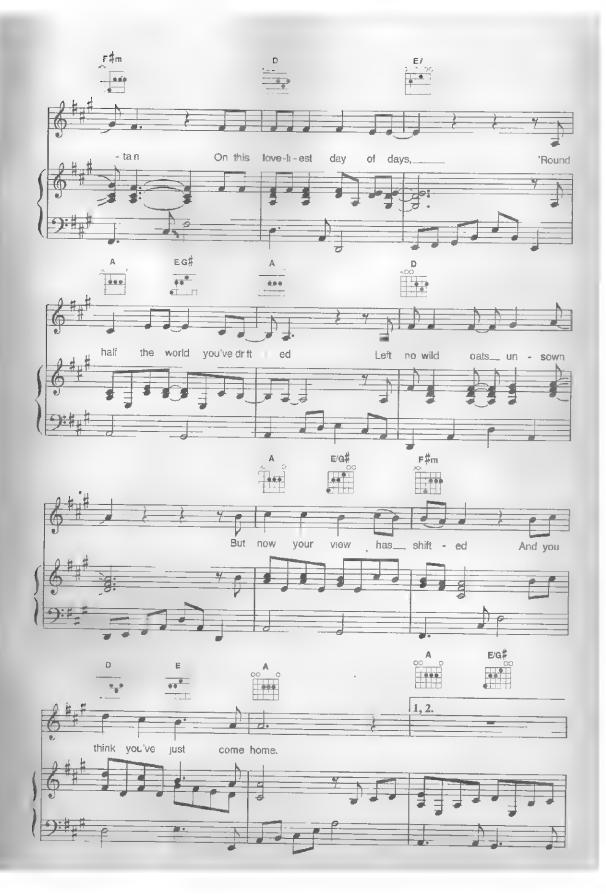
### Shelter

Words and Music by Eric Bogle

John uses capo on 2nd fret and plays in open key of "G".



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And you re drowning in the sunshine
 As it pours down from the sky
 And there's something stirring in your heart
 Bright colours fill your eyes

As from here to the far horizon Your beauty does unfold And oh, you look so lovely Dressed in green and gold

 To the homeless and the hungry May we always open doors May the restless and the weary Find safe harbour on our shores

> May she always be our Dreamtime place Our spirits glad release May she always be our shelter May we always live in peace May we always live in peace

# Special Girl Words and Music by John Williamson





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2. What do you want from Santa most of all?
Some flowers or a picture on the wall
A rug that goes the whole way down the hall
Special girl
Oh darlin', what do you want for Christmas - give me a clue

A cattle pup or a baby kangaroo As long as it says that I love you Special girl For one of the most specia I in the world Somethin' special for a special girl

For one of the most special in the world Somethin' special for a special girl

### Station Cook

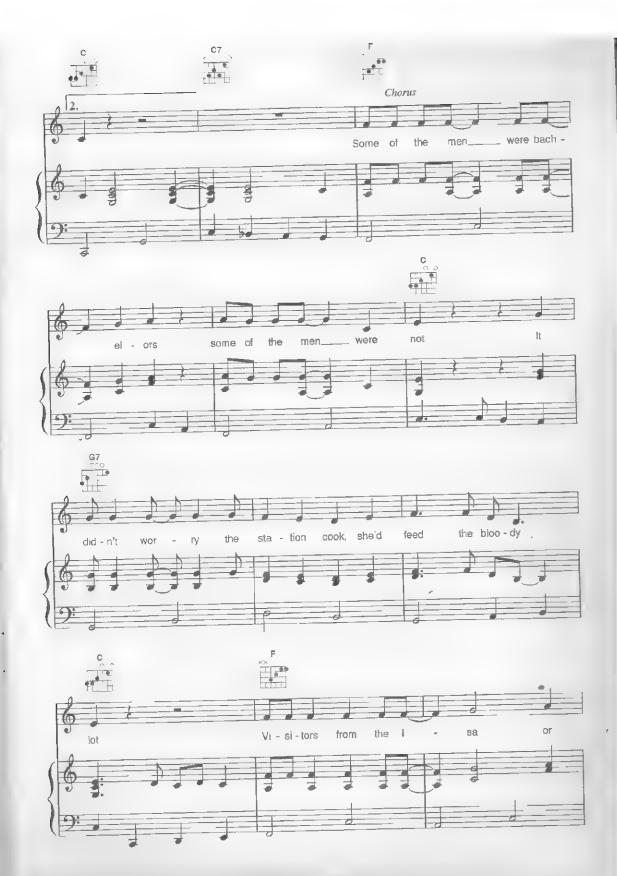
Words and Music by John Williamson

#### **Bright** Tempo



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Now the woman was a mighty cook - very wide across the bum.
The station kids, black and white, were allowed to call her Mum.
Her kitchen was a bakery for an outback appetite.
For big slabs of bully beef or good old Vegemite.

#### CHORUS

- Now the station pet was a Brahman bull, you could pat him on the head He'd never seen saleyard - he was station bred
   I tried to take his picture with a stockman and a gin But they faded into the scenery with a drought resistant grin
- 4. To the famous Brunette Races they'd head off for the fun Where the beer flowed like a river, there was Coke and Bundy Rum The station's boys were favourites to win the tug-o-war The "town es" weren't prepared to risk another broken jaw

#### CHORUS

 It's the last of the Outback stations owned by a family Hard-fought by a pioneer of the Northern Terr tory I hope it won't be swallowed up by a public company And fade into the heat haze of Outback history

## The Drover's Boy

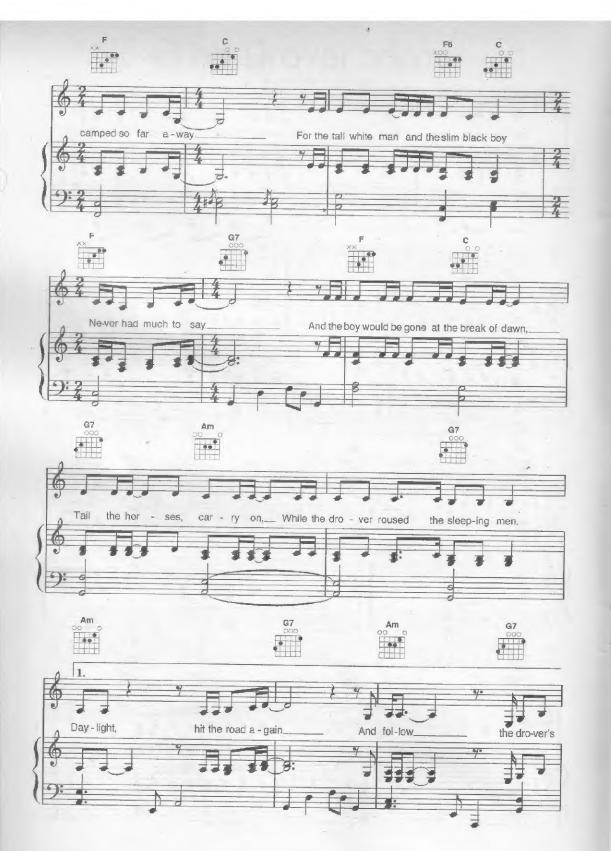
Words and Music by Ted Egan

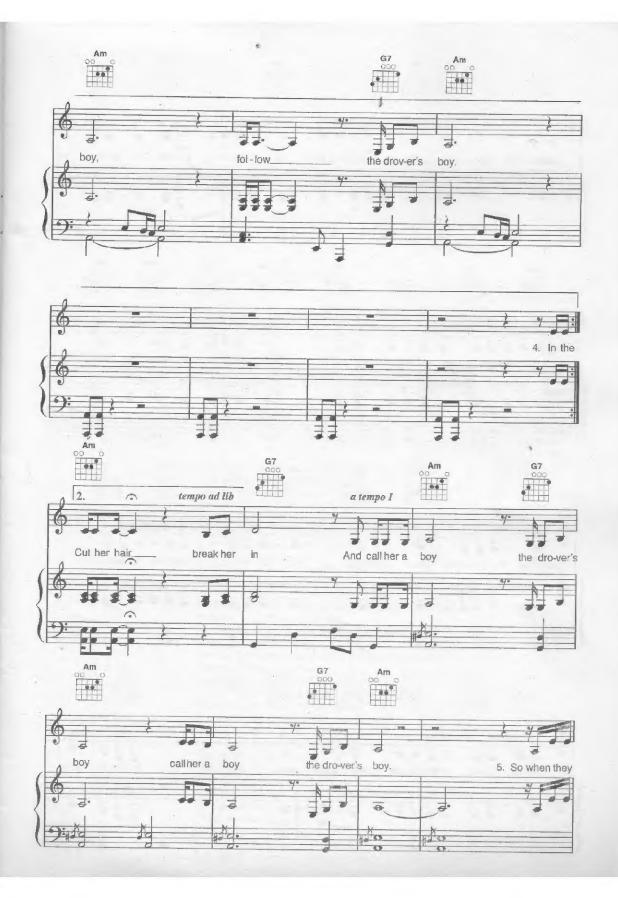
Slowly - double-time feel

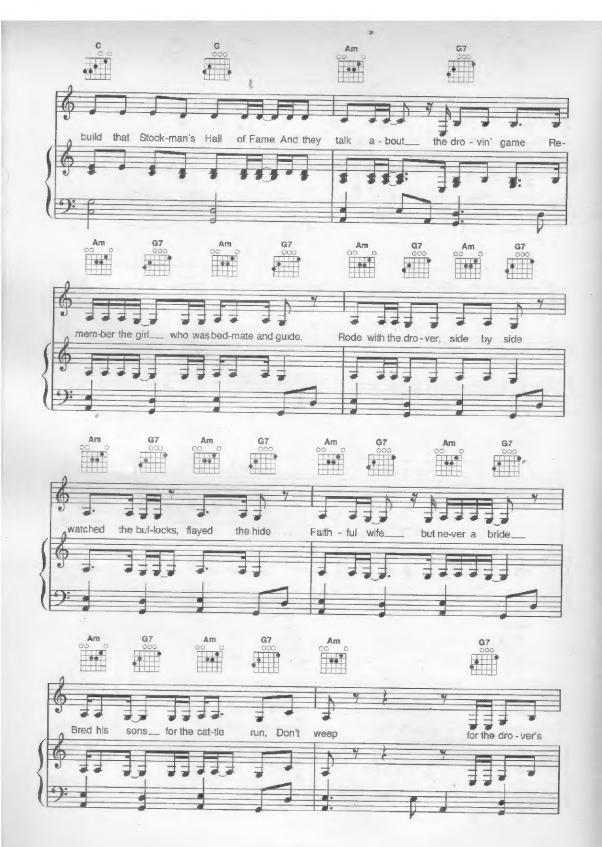


© TED EGAN











- And they couldn't understand why the drover cut
  The lock of the dead boy's hair
  And put it in the band of his battered old hat
  As they watched him standing there
  And he told them take the cattle on
  I'll sit with the boy awhile
  A silent thought, a pipe to smoke
  And it's ride another mile
  And forget about the drover's boy
  Forget about the drover's boy.
- 3. And they couldn't make out why the drover and the boy Always camped so far away
  For the tall white man and the slim black boy Never had much to say
  And the boy would be gone at the break of dawn
  Tail the horses, carry on
  While the drover roused the sleeping men
  Daylight hit the road again
  And follow the drover's boy
  And follow the drover's boy.
- 4. In the Carnooweal Pub they talked about The death of the drover's boy
  They drank their rum with the stranger who'd come
  From the Kimberley run, Fitzroy
  And he told of the massacre in the west
  Barest details guess the rest
  Shoot the bucks, grab a gin
  Cut her hair break her in
  And call he a boy the drover's boy
  And call he a boy the drover's boy.